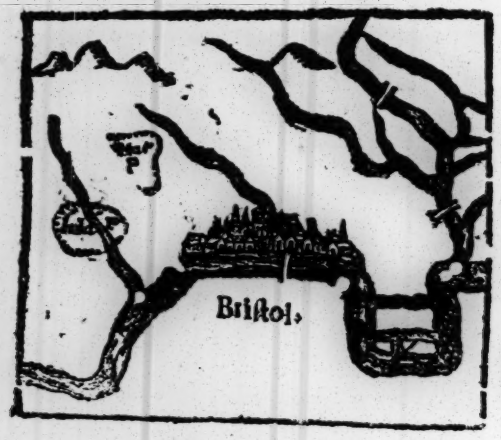
The Honour of Briſtol:

Shewing how the *Angel Gabriel* of *Briſtol* Fought

with three Spaniſh Ships, who boarded us ſeven times, wherein we cleared our Decks, and killed five hundred of their men, and wounded many more, and made them flye into Cales, where we loſt but three men, to the Honour of the Angel Gabriel of Briſtol. To the Tune of, Our Noble King in his Progreſs.



ATtend you and give ear a while,
and you ſhall underſtand;
Of a Battel fought upon the Seas,
by a Ship of brave command:
The fight it was ſo famous,
that all mens heart doth fill,
And makes them cry to Sea
with the Angel Gabriel.

The luſty Ship of Briſtol
ſail'd out adventurouſly:
Againſt the foes of England,
their Strength with them to try:
Well Victual'd, Rig'd, and Man'd,
and good proviſion ſtill,
Which makes men cry to Sea,
with the Angel Gabriel.

The Captain famous Netheway,
ſo was he cal'd by Name:
The Maſters name John Mines,
a man of noted fame:
The Gunner Thomas Watſon
a man of perfect skill:
With other valiant Hearts
in the Angel Gabriel.

They waving up and down the Seas,
upon the Ocean Main;
It is not long ago (quoth they)
ſince England fought with Spain:
Would we with them might meet,
our minds for to fulfil:
We would play a noble bout,
with our Angel Gabriel.

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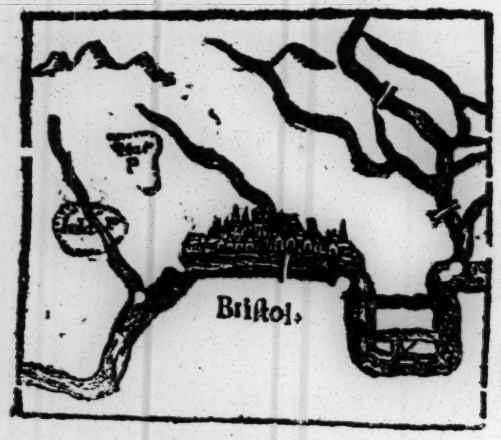

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THey had no sooner spoken,
but straight appear'd in sight,
Three lusty Spanish Vessels
of warlike force and might:
With bloody Resolution,
they sought our men to spill:
And vow'd to make a prize
of our Angel Gabriel.

Then first came up their Admiral,
themselves for to advance;
In her she bore full forty eight
pieces of Ordinance:
The next that then came near us,
was their Vice-Admiral,
Which shot most furiously
at our Angel Gabriel.

Our gallant Ship had in her,
full forty fighting men:
With twenty pieces of Ordinance,
we play'd about them then:
And with Powder, Shot, and Bullets,
we did imploy them still:
And thus began the fight
with our Angel Gabriel.

Our Captain to our Master said,
take courage Master bold:
The Master to the Seaman said,
stand fast my hearts of gold:
The Gunner unto all the rest,
brave hearts be valiant still:
Let us fight in the Defence
of our Angel Gabriel.

Then we gave them a Broad-side,
which shot their Mast asunder:
And tore the Bowsprit of their Ship,
which made the Spaniards wonder.
And caused them for to cry
with voices loud and shrill:
Help, help, or else we sink,
by the Angel Gabriel.

Yet desperately they boarded us,
for all our valiant Shot:
Threescore of their best fighting men,
upon our Decks were got.
And then at their first entrance,
full thirty we did kill:
And thus we cleared the Decks,
of the Angel Gabriel.

With that their three Ships boarded us
again with might and main:
But still our noble Englishmen,
cry'd out a fig for Spain:
Though seven times they boarded us,
at last we shew'd our skill:
And made them feel the force
of the Angel Gabriel.

Seven hours that fight continued,
and many brave men lay dead,
With purple gore, and Spanish blood,
the Sea was coloured Red:
Five hundred of their men,
we there out-right did kill:
And many more were maim'd
by the Angel Gabriel.

They seeing of these bloody spoils,
the rest made haste away,
For why? they saw it was no boot,
longer for to stay:
Then they fled into Cales,
and there they must lye still,
For they never more will serve
to meet our Gabriel.

We had within our English Ship,
but only three men slain:
And five men hurt, the which I hope,
will soon be well again:
At Bristol we were landed,
and let us praise God still,
That thus hath blest our men,
and our Angel Gabriel.

Now let me not forget to speak,
of the gift given by the owner
Of the Angel Gabriel,
that many years have known her:
Two hundred pounds in coyn & plate,
he gave with free good will,
Unto them that bravely fought,
in the Angel Gabriel. Finis.

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